

D I A L O G U E

Between the  of the Two last Parliaments, at their late Interview.

Euimus Troes.—

Nitimur in vetitum.—

Westminster Ghost's Advice.

In deepest Dungeons of Eternal Night,
The seats of Horror, Sorrow, Pains & Spight,
I been sent to tell your tender Youth
Able and Important Truth!
But Oh too late,) that no Defease
Surfeit of Luxurious Ease,
All other, the most tempting things,
Much Wealth, and too Indulgent Kings.
I was superlatively ill,
Degrees, with Industry and Skill:
I, whose Meaning hath at first been fair,
Knives by Use, and Rebels by Despair.
Is past, and Yours will soon begin,
The first Blossoms from the blast of Sin;
The Fate of my Tumultuous ways,
Your self, and bring serener Days.
The subtle Serpents of the Law,
My Mind from true Obedience draw;
I did Limits to the King prescribe,
Look for Oracles that Canting Tribe,
G'd True Freedom for the Name of Free,
Grew Seditious for Variety;
That oppos'd me were to be accus'd;
By the Law I Legally abus'd.

Robe was summon'd, M——d in the head:
Legal Murder none so deeply read:
I brought him to the Bar, where once he stood,
And with (the yet un expiated) Blood
The Brave *Strafford*, when 3 Kingdoms rung
His accumulative Hackney Tongue;
Juries, and Witnesses were waiting by,
I had been taught to swear, and those to dy,
To expect Their Arbitrary Fates,
For ill or good, some for good Estates:
I taught the People, and Alarm the Town,
— and O— imploy'd the Reverend Gown.
But while the Triple Mitre bore the blame,
The Kings 3 Crowns were their Rebellious aim:
I seem'd, (and did but seem) to fear the Guards,
And took for mine the B—— and the W——
Anti-monarchick Hereticks of Sate,
Immoral Atheists, Rich, and Reprobate:
But above all, I got a little Guide,
Who every Foard of Villany had try'd;
None knew so well the old Pernicious way
To Ruine Subjects, and make Kings obey;
And my small *Yehu* at a Furious Rate,
Was driving *Eighty* back to *Forty Eight*.
This the King knew, and was Resolv'd to bear,
But I mistook his *Patience* for his *Fear*:
That this happy Island could afford,
I sacrific'd to my Voluptuous Board.

This whole Paradise one only Tree
I had excepted by a strict Degree;
A Sacred Tree which Royal Fruit did bear,
Yet in pieces I Conspir'd to tear;
Beware my Child! Divinity is there.
This so out-did all I had done before,
I could attempt, and He indure no more.
My Un-prepar'd and Un-repenting breath,
Was snatch'd away by the swift Hand of Death,
And I (with all my Sins about me) hurl'd,
To th' utter Darkness of the lower World;
A dreadful place which you too soon will see,
If you believe Seducers more than Me.

Oxford Ghost.

Hail great prophetick Spirit who could see
Through the dark Glass of rip'ning time, what we
Too true have found, and now too late complain,
That thou Great Spirit shouldst foretel in vain:
Full well and faithfully didst thou advise,
Had we been modestly and timely wise:
Free may you range, saidst thou, through every Field,
And what else more luxurious Gardens yield
Is thine; what e're may please, what e're delight
The weakest Stomach, nicest Appetite.
Of all the plenty of so vast a Store
One thing forbidden is, one, and no more:
By late and sad experience of what's past
Probatum est, ipse dixit; Do not tast!
Swift Ruine's there, and sure Destruction,
How great a truth, had it in time been known.

Westm. Ghost.

Vain empty Nothing, that wert lately All,
How just, and how unpitied is thy Fall:
Well worthy of the horrors of this place,
That would no warning take by my Disgrace;
Glutted with plenty, surfeited with Peace,
Weary of Blessings, sick of too much Ease:
Mad restless Tronblers of our *Israel*,
Who would not quiet be when things went well;
Of secret base Designs meer manag'd Tools,
Rash, unadvised, incorrigible F——
Brisk Hotspurs, inconsiderately bold,
By much too violent, and too hot to hold.
Zeal flew as if't had been to run a Race,
Duty and Reason cou'd not keep it pace:
Insensible, regardless of my Fate;
Dull *Phrygian* Sages, wise when 'tis too late;
You liv'd, and then you had an easie way
I have provided against the Evil Day,
Who would not then be timely wise, forbear
Your vain unreasonable Sorrows here.
Frailty (for men are frail) may err one time,
But Malice only can repeat the Crime.
Unthinking Senate, fed with empty words
Of Patriot Lawyers and Protesting Lords:
Abus'd by Popular and mistaken Friends;
Su'd a dull Property for base hidden Ends.
Liberty, Property and Religion,
Sweet Names, and so is REFORMATION.
Rank sign of sickly and distemper'd Times,
When fairest Names disguise the foulest Crimes.
The cry of Liberty helpeth Ambition,
And strait lac'd Conscience choaks Religion:
Of publick Interest you had no concern;
But damn'd a Proverb, Ne'r too late to learn.
By no experience taught, miscarriage tam'd,
Nor by sad instance of my Fate reclaim'd,

What prejudice and private use ill us'd
False Zeal and like Religion ill excus'd:
Who (stiff-necked) rather wou'd my Fate repeat,
Than by new measures be securely great:
No freedom of debate was left for you,
When all was mov'd and manag'd by a few.
Your leading M—— Y—— and W——
As if all Wisdom were in them alone:
A House of Commons crumbl'd into Three;
Slaves in effect, and in appearance Free,
What ail'd the Pilot, slept he at the head?
Or was your Judgment by your Wills misled?
What evil Spirit's Influence did prevail,
That you who might at large securely Sail
In a full Sea, and from all Danger free,
Would run upon that Shelf that ruin'd me?
These sure and sad effects I well foresaw;
These real ills, which seeming good would draw
From these sad Consequences to disswade,
I was sent forth, and gladly I obey'd:
I told you then what now too true you find,
Where Zeal flies out, and Duty leaves behind:
'Tis Wisdoms shame, and Policies defect,
For still like Causes will have like Effect.
I sought by wondrous Truth the Point to gain,
Urg'd many reasons, but urg'd all in vain:
None were of force against the Good Old Cause.
Counsel was thrown away, Fool that I was.
Where men with Law and Prophets would not live,
To think a Message from the dead should thrive:
Spight of my fore-sight and my dear bought skill,
Cassandra I; you faithless Pans are still.
Your boundless Passion did no measures keep,
Well might you break your Neck with such a leap:
Men may at distance hover about Kings,
And by your influence move earthly things;
But when those bounds they would exceed, and fly
Too near the Sun, scorcht, they drop down, and dy.
What an occasion lost you to improve
The Prince's Favour and the Peoples Love?
This when considering Posterity
Shall think upon, they'l hate your Memory;
And as once ancient Rome, they in their turn,
Wish you had never died, or ne'r been born.
Should your Successors tread your steps, they then,
Though they were Gods, like us shall die like men.
Oh! may the next (for sure a next will be)
Avoid the Rock that ruin'd you and me:
Deeply affected with a just concern
At our sad Fate, self-preservation learn;
And merit (by avoiding needless Fears)
By moderate Councils and praise-worthy Cares,
A Monarchs Blessing and three Kingdoms Pray'rs.